THE LXIX SONNET

Who to the golden Sun's long restless race
Can limits set ? What vessel can comprise
The swelling winds ? What cunning can devise,
With quaint arithmetic, in steadfast place
To number all the stars in heaven's palace ?
What cunning artist ever was so wise
Who by the stars and planets could advise
Of all adventures the just course and case *
Who measured hath the waters of the seas ?
Who ever, in just balance, pois'd the air ?
As no man ever could the least of these
Perform with human labour, strength and care
So who shall strive in volumes to contain
God's praise ineffable contends in vain

Two TALES OF MR BARNABE BARNES

Of this Mr Barnabe Barnes Nashe hath these two tales. The first of his French service four 7ears ago, when, having followed the camp for a week or two, and seeing there was no care had of keeping the Queen's peace, but a man might have his brains knocked out, and no justice or constable near at hand to make hue-and-cry after the murderers, he went to the General and told him he did not like of this quarrelling kind of life and common occupation of murdering, wherein, without any jury or trial or giving them so much leave as to say then' prayers, men were run through and had their throats cut, both against God's laws, her Majesty's laws, and the laws of all nations, wherefore he desired leave to depart, for he stood every hour in fear and dread of his person Upon this motion there were divers warlike knights and principal captains who offered to pick out a strong guard amongst them for the safe engarnsonmg and better shielding him from peril Two stepped forth and presented themselves as musketeers before him, a third and

fourth as targeteers behind him, a fifth and sixth vowed to try it out at the push of the pike before the malicious foe should invade him But home he would and nothing could stay him

The second of how he got him a strange pair of Babylonian breeches, with a codpiece as large as a Bologman sausage, and